SHAKSPERE. RICHARD THE THIRD. LONDON. 1622.

Shakspere (W.)

~~644 c 22~~

C. 34. k. 51.

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Contayning his treacherous Plots against *his brother* Clarence: *The pittifull murder of his innocent* Nephewes: his tyrannicall Vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most *deserued death.*

As it hath been lately Acted by the Kings Maiesties *Seruants.*

Newly augmented.

By *William Shake-speare.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Purfoot*, and are to be sold by *Mathew Law*, dwelling in *Pauls* Church-yard, at the Signe of the *Foxe*, neere

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester, ſolus.

NOW is the winter of diſcontent,
Made glorious ſommer by this Sonne of *Yorke*:
And all the cloudes that lowr'd vpon our houſe,
In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for monuments.
Our ſterne alarums chang'd to merrie meetings,
Our dreadfull marches to delight full pleaſures.
Grim-viſagde war, hath ſmoothd his wrinckled front,
And now in ſtead of mounting barbed ſteedes,
To fright the ſoules of fearefull aduerſaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies chamber,
To the laſciuious pleaſing of a loue.
But I that am not ſharpe of ſportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous looking Glaſſe:
I that am rudely ſtampt, and want loues Maieſtie,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling Nature,
Deform'd, vnfiniſht, ſent before my time
Into this breathing world halfe made vp,
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt by them:
Why I in this weake piping time of peace
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in the Sunne,
And deſcant on mine owne deformitie:
And therefore ſince I cannot proue a louer,
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken daies,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe daies:
Plots haue I laid, inductions dangerous,

By drunken propheſies, libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other,
And if King *Edward* be as true and iuſt
As I am ſubtile, falſe and trecherous:
This day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mew'd vp,
About a Prophelie which ſayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer ſhall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with*
Heere *Clarence* comes, *a Guard of men.*
Brother, good daies, what meanes this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?
Cla. His Maieſtie tendering my perſons ſafetie hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower. (pointed
Glo. Vpon what cauſe?
Cla. Becauſe my name is *George*.
Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your good fathers:
O belike his maieſtie hath ſome intent
That you ſhall be new chriſtened in the Tower.
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?
Cla. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I proteſt
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He hearkens after propheſies and dreames,
And from the croſſe-row pluckes the letter G.
And ſayes a wizard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he;
Theſe as I learne, and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Haue moued his Highneſſe to commit me now.
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the King that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis ſhe
That tempts him to this extreamitie:
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhip
Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him ſend Lord *Haſtings* to the Tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe *Clarence*, we are not ſafe.

Cla. By heauen I thinke there is no man ſecur'd
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Miſtreſſe *Shoare:*
Heard ye not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord *Haſtings* was to her for his deliuerie?
Glo. Humble complayning to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie,
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her liuerie,
The iealous ore-worne widdow and her ſelfe,
Since that our brother dubd them Gentlewomen,
Are mightie goſſips in this Monarchy.
Bro. I beſeech your graces both to pardon me?
His maieſtie hath ſtraightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree ſoeuer with his brother.
Glo. Euen ſo & pleaſe your worſhip *Brokenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we ſay the King
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire and not iealous,
We ſay that *Shores* wife hath a prettie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:
How ſay you ſir, can you deny all this?
Bro. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue nought to do.
Glo. Naught to do with Miſtreſſe *Shore*, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were beſt he do it ſecretly alone.
Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. Her husband knaue, would ſt thou betray me?
Bro. I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for-
Your conference with the noble Duke. (beare
Cla. We know thy charge *Brokenbury*, and will obey.
Glo. We are the Queenes *Abiects* and muſt obey,
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatſoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* widdow ſiſter,

I will performe it to infranchiſe you,
Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.
Glo. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*
Glo. Go tread the path, that thou ſhalt nere returne,
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to heauen,
If heauen will take the preſent at our hands:
But who comes heere, the new deliuered *Haſtings*?

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordſhip brookt impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your enemies, are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pittie that the Eagle ſhould be mewed,
While Kites and Buzzards prey at libertie.
Glo. What newes abroad?
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phiſitions feare him mightily.
Glo. Now by St. *Paul* this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euill diet long,
And ouermuch conſumed his Royall perſon,
Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon,
What, is he in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you, *Exit Haſt.*
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not die
Till *George* be packt with poſt horſe vp to heauen,
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*, With

With lyes well ſteeld with weightie arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to buſſell in:
For then Ile marry *Warwicks* yongeſt daughter.
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her which I muſt reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horſe to Market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, *Edward* ſtill liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gaines. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearſe of Harry the 6.

Lady Anne. Set downe, ſet downe your honorable Lord,
If honor may be ſhrowded in a hearſe,
Whileſt I a while obſequiouſly lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous *Lancaſter*.
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale aſhes of the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
Thou bloodles remnant of that royall blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghoſt,
To heare the lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughtered ſonne,
Stabd by the ſelfeſame hands that made theſe holes:
Loe, in thoſe windowes that let forth thy life,
I poure the helpeleſſe blame of my poore eyes.
Curſt be the hand that made the fatall holes,
Curſt be the heart, that had the heart to do it,
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wiſh to Adders, Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues:
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whoſe vgly and vnnaturall aſpect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view,

If

If euer he haue wife, let her be mad:
As miserable by the death of him.
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards *Chertley* with your holy load
Taken from *Paules* to be interred there:
And still as you are a wearie of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King *Henries* coarse.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarse, and set it downe,
La. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarse, or by St. *Paul*,
Ile make a coarse of him that disobeyes.
Gen. Stand backe and let the Coffin passe.
Glo. Vnmanner'd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by Saint *Paul* Ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell.
Auant thou fearefull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not so curst.
La. Foule diuell, for Gods sake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happie earth thy hell:
Fil'd it with cursing cries and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, bulsh, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For tis thy presence that exhales this blood,
From cold and emptie veynes where no bloud dwels.
Thy deed inhumaine and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood mad'st, reuenge his death:
Oh earth, which this bloud drink'st, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,

Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou didst swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hel-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses,
La. Villanne, thou knowst no law of God, nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie,
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth.
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,
Vouchsafe diuine perfection of a woman,
Of these suppos'd euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.
La. vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such dispaire I should accuse my selfe.
La. And by disparing shouldst thou stand excusde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst, vnworthy slaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I slew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead and slaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou lyest. Queene Margret saw
Thy bloodly faulchion smoaking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that thy brother beate aside the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue
Which laide their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought: but butcheryes.
Didst thou not kill this King? *Glo.* I grant yee.

La. Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God graunt me too
Thou maieſt be damned for that wicked deed.
Oh he was gentle, mild, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of heauen that hath him.
La. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke me that holpe to ſend him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but hell.
Glo. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.
La. Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.
La. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt.
Glo. So will it Madame, till I lie with you.
La. I hope ſo.
Glo. I know ſo, but gentle Ladie *Anne*,
To leaue this kind incounter of our wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower methode:
Is not the cauſer of the time-leſſe deaths,
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameſull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Glo. Your beautie was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beauie which did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might reſt that houre in your ſweete boſome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
Theſe nailes ſhould rend that beautie from their cheekes.
Glo. Theſe eyes could neuer indure ſweet beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh them if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouerſhad thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to be reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reuenged on him tha ſlew my husband.
Glo. He that bereſt thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could.
La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.
La. Why what was hee?
Glo. The ſelfeſame name, but one of better nature,
La. Where is hee?
Glo. Heere. *Shee ſpitteth at him.*
Why doeſt thou ſpit at mee?
La. Would it were mortall poyſon for thy ſake.
Glo. Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweete a place.
La. Neuer hung poyſon on a fowler toade,
Out of my ſight, thou doeſt infect my eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes ſweete Lade haue infected mine.
La. Would they were Baſiliskes to ſtrike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a liuing death:
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne ſalt teares,
Shamed their aſpect with ſtore of childiſh drops,
I neuer ſued to friends nor enemie,
My tongue could neuer learne ſweete ſoothing words.
But now thy beautie is propoſde my fee:
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeake,
Teach not thy lips ſuch ſcorne, for they were made
For kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe here I lend thee this ſharpe pointed ſword,
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true boſome,
And let the ſoule forth that adoreth thee:
I laie it naked to thy deadly ſtroake:
And humbly beg the death vpon my knee.
Nay, doe not pauſe, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:
Nay now diſpatch, twas I that kild king Henry,
But twas thy heauenly face that ſet me on: *Here ſhe lets*
Take vp the ſword againe, or take vp me. *fall the ſword.*
La. Ariſe diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will doe it.
La. I haue alreadie.

Glo. Tuſh, that was in the rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for thy Loue did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou ſhalt by acceſſarie.
La. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my tongue.
La. I feare me both are falſe.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your ſword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That ſhall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I ſhall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue ſo.
Glo. Vouchſafe to weare this ring.
La. To take, is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompaſſeth thy finger,
Euen ſo thy breſt incloſeth me poore heart.
Were both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore ſuppliant may
But beg on fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doeſt confirme his happineſſe for euer.
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would pleaſe thee leaue theſe ſad deſignes
To him that hath more cauſe to be a mourner,
And preſently repaire to Crosbie place,
Where, after I haue ſolemnely enterred
At Chertſie Monaſterie this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with al expedient dutie ſee you:
For diuers vnknowne reaſons, I beſeech you
Graunt me this boone.
La. With al my heart, & much it ioyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent:
Trelſill and Bartly, goe along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deſerue:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue ſaid farewell alreadie. *Exit.*

Glo.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the courſe.
Ser. Towards Chertſie noble Lord?
Glo. No: to white Fryers: there attend my comming.
Was euer woman in this humour woed? *Exeunt. Manet Glo.*
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What I that kild her husband and her father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt heate:
With curſes in her mouth, teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſſe of her hatred by:
Hauing God, her conſcience, and theſe barres againſt me;
And I nothing to backe my ſuite withall
But the plaine Diuell and diſſembling lookes,
And yett to win her all the world to nothing? Hah?
Hath ſhe forgot already that braue Prince
Edward, her Lord, Whome I ſome three moneths ſince
Stabd in my angry mood at Tewxbury?
A ſweeter and a louelier gentleman,
Framd in the prodigalitie of nature:
Yong, valiant, wiſe, and no doubt right royall,
The ſpacious world cannot againe affoord.
And will ſhe yet debaſe her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this ſweete Prince,
And made her widdow to a woefull bed?
On me, whoſe al not equals Edwards moity,
On me that halt, and am vnſhapen thus?
My Dukedome to be a beggerly denier,
I doe miſtake my perſon all this while.
Vpon my life ſhe finds, although I cannot
My ſelfe, to be a maruailous proper man,
Ile be at charges for a Looking-glaſſe,
And entertaine ſome ſcore or two of tailors
To ſtudie faſhions to adore my body,
Since I am crept in fauour with my ſelfe,
I will maintaine it with a little coſt.
But firſt ile turne you fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine our faire ſunne, till I haue bought a glaſſe,
That I may ſee my ſhaddow as I paſſe. *Exit.*

Enter.

Enter Queene, Lord Riuers and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Madame, thers no doubt his maieſtie,
Will ſoone recouer his accuſtomed health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worſe,
Therfore for Gods ſake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide of me?
Ri. No other harme but loſſe of ſuch a Lord.
Qu. The loſſe of ſuch a Lord includes all harme.
Gray. The heauens haue bleſt you with a goodly ſonne,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Qu. Oh he is yong, and his minoritie
Is put vnto the truſt of Rich. Glouceſter,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Ri. It is concluded he ſhall be Protector?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But ſo it muſt be if the King miſcarrie, *Enter Buck. Darby.*
Gr. Here comes the Lords of Buckingham and Darby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your Maieſtie ioyfull as you haue bene.
Qu. The Counteſſe Richmond good my Lord of Darby,
To your good prayers will ſcarcely ſay, *Amen:*
Yet Darby, notwithſtanding ſhees your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord aſſured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancie.
Dar. I beſeech you either not beleeue
The enuious ſlaunders of her accuſers,
Or if ſhe be accuſed in true report,
Beare with her weakeneſſe, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward ſickneſſe, and no grounded malice.
Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord Darby?
Dar. But now the Duke of Buckingham and *I*,
Came from viſiting his Maieſtie.
Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords?
Buc. Madame, good hope, his grace ſpeakes chearfully.
Qu. God graunt him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madam we did: He deſires to make attonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloceſter and your brothers,
And betwxt them and my Lord Chamberlaine,

And

And ſent to warne them ot his royall preſence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be.
I feare our happineſſe is at the higheſt. *Enter Gloceſter.*
Glo. They doe me wrong, and I will not indure it.
Who are they that complaines vnto the King?
That I forſooth am ſterne loue them not:
By wholy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly
That fill his eares with ſuch diſſentious rumors:
Becauſe I cannot flatter and ſpeake faire,
Smile in mens faces, ſmooth, deceiue and cog,
Ducke with French nods, and apiſh courteſie,
I muſt be held a rankerous enemie.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme,
But thus in ſimpla truth muſt be abuſde
By ſilken ſlie inſinuating Iackes?
Ri. To home in this preſence ſpeakes your grace?
Glo. To thee that haſt nor honeſtie nor grace.
When haue I iniured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction?
A plague vpon you all. His royall perſon
(Whome God preſerue better then you would wiſh)
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Gloceſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King of his owne royall diſpſition,
And not prouokt by any ſuter elſe,
Aiming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions ſhewes it ſelfe,
Againſt my kindred, brother, and my ſelfe:
Makes him to ſend, that thereby he may gather
The grounds of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne ſo bad,
That wrens may prey where Eagles dare not pearch,
Since euery Iacke became a Gentleman
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning brother Glo.
You enuie mine aduancement and my friends,
God graunt we neuer may haue need of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grant that we haue need of you,

Our

Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgraced, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to enoble thoſe,
That ſcarce ſome two dayes ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyed,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie
Againſt the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord, you doe me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, L. Riuers, why who knwes not ſo?
She may doe more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhee not? ſhe may, yea marrie may ſhe.
Riu. What marrie may ſhe?
Glo. What marry may ſhe? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handſome ſtripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My L. of Gloceſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſtie,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue indured.
I had rather be a country ſeruant mayd,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at, *Enter Qu.*
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene. *Margret.*
Q. Mar. And leſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeate is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling the King?
Tell him and ſpare not, looke what I ſayd,
I will auoch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, when paines are quite forgot.
Q. Mar.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too well,
Thou ſleweſt my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore ſonne at Tewxburie.
Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband king,
I was a pack-horſe in his great affaires.
A weeder out of his proud aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I ſpilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the houſe of Lancaſter:
And Riuers, ſo were you. Was not your husband
In Margarets battaile at Saint Albons ſlaine:
Let me put in your mind, if yours forget,
What you haue been ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue been, and what I am.
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Glo. Poore Clarence did forſake his Father Warwicke,
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardon.)
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.
Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards ſoft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this world.
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leaue the world,
Thou Cacodœmon, there thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lord of Gloceſter in thoſe buſie daies,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So ſhould we now, if you ſhould be our king.
Glo. If ſhould be? I had rather be a pedlar,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Qu. Mar. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enioy, were you this countries king:
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.
Qu Mar. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhe, and altogether ioyleſſe.

I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling Pyrates that fall out,
In sharing out that which you haue pild from me:
Which of you trembles not that looke on me?
If not, that I being Queene, you bow like subiects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like rebels:
O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.

Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Qu. Ma. But repetition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe:
A husband and a sonne thou owest vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you alleagence:
The sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laide on thee,
When thou didst crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drew'st riuers frow his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout
Steept in the blood of prettie Rutland:
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagude thy bloodie deed.

Qu. So just is God to right the innocent.

Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that euer was heard of.

Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported,

Dors. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.

Buc. Northumberland then present, wept to see it.

Qu. Ma. What? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred all on me?
Did Yorkes dread curse preuaile so much with heauen,
That Henries death, my louely Edwards death,
Their kingdomes losse, my woefull banishment,
Could all but answer for that peeuish brat?
Can curses pierce the cloudes, and enter heauen?
Why then giue way dull clouds to my quicke curses:
If not by warre, by surfet die your King.
As our by murder, to make him a King.

Edward

Edward thy sonne, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like vntimely violences,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out liue thy glory, like my wretched selfe:
Long maist thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
And see another, as I see thee now
Deckt in thy glorie, as thou art stald in mine:
Long die thy happie daies before thy death,
And after many lengthened houres of greefe,
Die neither mother, wife, nor Englands Queene,
Riuers and Dorset, you were standers by,
And so was thou Lord Hastings, when my sonne
Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you may liue your naturall age,
But by some vnlookt accident cut off.

Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.

Qu. M. And leaue out thee? stay dog, for thou shalt heare me,
If heauen haue any greeuous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traytors whilst thou liuest,
And take deepe traytors for thy dearest friends,
No sleepe close vp that deadly eye of thine,
Vnlesse it be whilst some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee, with a hell of vgly diuels,
Thou elfish markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that wast seald in thy natiuitie
The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slaunder of thy mothers heauie womb,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.

Glo. Margaret.

Qu. M. Richard. *Glo.* Ha.

Qu. M. I call thee not.

Glo. Then I cry thee mercy: for I had thought

Thou hadſt cald me all theſe bitter names.
Qu.Mar. Why ſo I did, but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. Tis done by me and ends by Margaret.
Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe,
Qu.M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-tune:
Why ſtrewſt thou ſuger on that botled ſpider,
Whoſe deadly web inſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poiſoned bunchbackt toade.
Haſt. Falſe boading woman, end thy frantick curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou mooue our patience.
Qu.M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd you would be taught your duty.
Qu.Ma. To ſerue me well, you all ſhould doe me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects:
O ſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that dutie.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
Qu.M. Peace maiſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
What t'were to looſe it and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
Dorſ. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
Qu.Ma. And turnes the Sunne to ſhade, alas, alas,
Witnes my ſunne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our aeiries neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, doe not ſuffer it:
As it was won with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charitie.
Qu.M. Vrge neither charitie nor ſhame to me,

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butchered,
My charitie is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſhall liue my ſorrowes rage.
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mary. O princely Buckingham, I will kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely houſe,
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
Buck. Nor no one here, for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of them that breath them in the aire.
Qu.Ma. Ile not beleeue but they aſcend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Looke when he fawnes, he bites, and when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not doe with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their markes on him,
And all their miniſters attend on him.
Glo. What doth ſhe ſay my Lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I reſpect my gracious Lord.
Q. Ma. What doeſt thou ſcorne me for my gentle coun-ſell,
And ſoothd the diuell that I warne thee from?
O but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow,
And ſay poore Margaret was a Propheteſſe:
Liue each of you, the ſubiects of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Haſt. My haire doth ſtand on end to heare her curſes.
Riu. And ſo doth mine, I wonder ſhees at libertie.
Glo. I cannot blame her by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Haſt. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hot to doe ſomebody good,
That is too colde in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence, he is well repaid,

He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it.
Riu. A vertuous and a Criſtianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Glo. So do I euer being well aduiſed,
For had I curſt, now I had curſt my ſelfe.
Catſ. Madame, his maieſtie doth call for you.
And for your noble Grace: and you my noble Lord.
Qu. Catsby, we come, Lords will you goe with vs,
Ri. Madame, we will attend your Grace. *Exeunt Ma. Clo,*
Glo. I doe thee wrong, and firſt began to braule,
The ſecret miſchiefe that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others.
Clarence, whome I indeed haue laid in darkeneſſe:
I doe beweepe to many ſimple guls:
Namely to Haſtings, Darby, Buckingham,
And ſay it is the Queene, and her allies
That ſtirre the K. againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall whet me
To be reuenged on Riuers, Vaughan, Gray.
But then ſigh, and with a piece of ſcripture,
Tell them that God bids vs to doe good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked villanie
With old od ends, ſtolne out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the Diuell.
But ſoft here comes my Executioners. *Enter Executioners.*
How now, my hardy ſtout reſolued mates,
Are ye not going to deſpatch this deed?
Exe. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it heere about me.
When you haue done, repaire to Crosbie place:
But ſirs, be ſuddaine in the execution:
Withall, obdurate: doe not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well ſpoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pittie if you marke him.
Exe. Tuſh, feare not, my Lord we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured:
We come to vſe our hands and not our tongues.

Glo.

Glo. Your eyes drop milſtones, when fooles eies drop teares
I like you Lads, about your buſineſſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence Brokenbury.

Bro. Why lookes you Grace ſo heauily to day?
Cla. Oh, I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of vgly ſights, of gaſtly dreames:
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though t'were to buy a world of happie dayes,
So full of diſmall terrour was the time.
Bra. What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell it.
Cla. Me thought I was imbarkt for Burgundie,
And in my company my brother Gloceſter,
Who from my cabbin tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches, there we looked towards England,
And cited vp a thouſand fearefull times,
During the warres of Yorke and Lancaſter,
That had befallen vs: as we paſt along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Gloſter ſtumbled, and in ſtumbling
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer-boord
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyſe of water in mine eares,
What vgly ſights of death within mine eyes:
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand fearefull wrackes,
Ten thouſand men that fiſhes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of gold, great Anchors, heapes of pearle,
Ineſtimable ſtones, vnvalued iewels,
Some lay in dead mens ſculs, and in thoſe holes
Where eyes did once inhabite, there were crept
As twere in ſcorne of eyes, reflecting gems,
Which wade the ſlimie bottome of the deepe,
And mockt the dead bones that lay ſcattered by.
Bro. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the ſecrets of the deepe?
Cla. Me thought I had: for ſtill the enuious flood
Kept in my ſoule, and would not let it foorth,
To keepe the emptie, vaſt, and wandring ayre,

But

But ſmothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
Brok. A wakt you not with this ſore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempeſt of my ſoule,
Who paſt (me thought) the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The firſt that there did greete my ſtranger ſoule,
Was my great father in law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud, what ſcourge for periurie
Can this darke monarchie afford falſe Clarence?
And ſo he vaniſht: Then came wandring by,
A ſhadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dadled in blood, and he ſqueakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periurd Clarence?
That ſtabd me in the field by Texwburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noiſe,
I trembling, wakt, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impreſſion made the dreame.
Brok. No maruell (my Lord) though it affrighted you,
I promiſe you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O Brokenburie, I haue done thoſe things,
Which now beare euidence againſt my ſoule,
For Edwards ſake, and ſee how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper ſtay by me,
My ſoule is heauie, and I faine would ſleepe.
Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your grace good reſt,
Sorrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their tiles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,
There's

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
The murtherers enter.
In Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
Exe. I would ſpeake with Clarence, & I came hither on my legs,
Bro. Yea, are ye ſo briefe?
2. *Exe.* O ſir, it is better be briefe then tedious,
Shew him our Commiſſion, talke no more. *He readeth it.*
Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reaſon what is meant thereby
Becauſe I will be guilt leſſe of the meaning:
Heere are the keyes, there ſits the Duke a ſleepe:
Ile to his Maieſtie and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue reſignd my place to you,
Exe. Do ſo, it is a poynt of wiſedome.
2. What ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepes?
1. No, then he will ſay twas done cowardly
when he wakes.
2. When he wakes,
Why foole he ſhall neuer wake till the iudgement day.
1. Why then he will ſay we ſtabd him ſleeping.
2. The vrging of that word iudgement, hath bred
A kind of remorſe in me.
1. What art thou afraid?
2. Not to kill him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd
For killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1. Backe to the Duke of Gloſter, tell him ſo.
2. I pray thee ſtay a while, I hope my holy humour will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tell. xx.
1. How doſt thou feele thy ſelfe now? (me
2. Faith ſome certaine dregs of conſcience are yet within
1. Remember our reward when the deed is done.
2. Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1. Where is thy conſcience now?
2. In the Duke of Gloſters purſe.
1. So when he opens his purſe to giue vs our reward,
Thy conſcience flies out.
2. Let it goe, ther's few or none will entertaine it.
1. How if it come to thee againe?

2. Ile

2. Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,
It makes a man a coward. A man cannot steale,
But it accuseth him, he cannot steale but it checks him:
He cannot lie with his neighbours wife but it detects
Him, it is a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies
In a mans bosome: it fils one full of obstacles,
It made me once restore a peece of gold that I found.
It beggers any man that keepes it: it is turnd out of all
Townes and Citties for a dangerous thing, and euery
Man that meanes to liue well, endeuours to trust
To himselfe, and to liue without it.

1. Zounds, it is euen now at my elbow, perswading me
Not to kill the Duke.

2. Take the deuill in thy minde, and beleeue him not,
He would insinuate with thee to make thee sigh.

1. Tut, I am strong in fraud, he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.

2. Stood like a tall fellow that respects his reputation,
Come shall we to this geare?

1. Take him ouer the costard with the hilts of my sword,
And then we will chop him in the Malmsey-but in the next (roome:

2. Oh excellent deuice, make a soppe of him.

1. Harke, he stirs, shall I strike?

2. No, first lets reason with him. *Cla. awaketh.*

Cla. Where art thou Keeper, giue me a cup of wine.

1. You shall haue wine enought, my Lo. anone.

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou:

2. A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am, royall.

1. Nor you as we are, loyall.

Cla. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

2. My voyce is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkely and how deadly doost thou speake?
Tell me, who are you? wherefore come you hither?

Am. To, to, to.

Cla. To murther me? *Am. I.*

Cla. You scarcely haue the heart to tell me so,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to doe it,
Wherein my friends haue I offended you?

1. Offend

1. Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cla. I shall be reconciled to him againe.

2. Neuer my Lo. therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you cald forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? what is my offence?
Where are the euidence to accuse me?
What lawfull quest haue giuen their verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Iudge, or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poore Clarence death,
Before I be conuict by course of law?
To thereaten me with death is most vnlawfull:
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption,
By Christs deare blood shed for our greeuous sinnes,
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deed you vndertake is damnable.

1. What we will doe, we do vpon command.

2. And he that hath commanded is the King.

Cla. Erroneous vassaile, the great King of Kings,
Hath in his Tables of his Law commanded,
That thou shalt doe no murther, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heed, for he holdes vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2. And that same vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For false forswearing and for murther too?
Thou didst receiue the holy Sacrament
To fight in quarrell of the house of Lancaster.

1. And like a traitor to the Name of God,
Didst breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade
Vnripst the bowels of thy Soueraignes sonne,

2. Whome thou wert sworne to cherish and defend.

1. How canst thou vrge Gods dreadfull law to vs,
When thou hast broke it in so deare degree?

Cla. Alas, for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why sirs, he sends ye not to murder me for this,
For in this sin he is as deepe as I.
If God will be reuenged for this deede,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,

He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue *Plantagenet*,
The Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee.
Cla. My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage,
1. Thy brothers loue, the Deuill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murther thee.
Cla. Oh, if you loue brother, hate not me,
I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for need, goe backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then Edward will for tydings of my death.
2. You are deceiu'd, your brother Gloucester hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father Yorke,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And chargd vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friendship,
Bid Gloucester thinke on this, and he will weepe,
Am. I, milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe.
Cla. O, doe not slander him for he is kind.
1. Right, as snow in haruest, thou deceiust thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murther thee.
Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him,
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuerie.
2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thraldome: to the ioyes of heauen.
1. Make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,
That thou wilt war with God for murthering me?
Ah sirs consider, he that set you on
To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede,

2. What shall we doe?
Cla. Relent, and saue your soules.
1. Relent, tis cowardly, and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, and diuelish.
My friend, I spie some pittie in your lookes;
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and intreat for me:
A begging Prince, what begger pities not?
1. I thus, and thus: if this will not serue, *He stabs him.*
Ile chop thee in the malmesey But in the next roome.
2. A bloodie deede, and desprately performd,
How faine like Pilate would I wash my hand,
Of this most grieuous guiltie murder done.
1. Why doest thou not helpe me?
By heauen the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.
2. I would he knew that I had saued his brother,
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*
1. So do not I, goe coward as thou art.
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I must away,
For this will out, and here I must not stay. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers, &c.

King. So, now I haue done a good dayes worke,
You peeres continue this vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since I haue set my friend at peace on earth:
Riuers and Hastings, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.
Ri. By heauen my heart is purgd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue,
Hast. So thriue I as I sweare the like.
King. Take heede you dally not before your King,
Least he that is the supreame King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I, as I loue Hastings with my heart.
Kin. Madame, your selfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne Dorset, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue been factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord Hastings, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe, do it vnfainedly.
Qu. Here Hastings, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And so sweare I my Lord.
Kin. Now princely Buckingham seale thou this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most need to imploy a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleasing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloucester.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke,
Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin. Happie indeed, as we haue spent the day.
Brother we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong incensed Peeres.
Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne liege,
Amongst this princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace,
Tis death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and desire all good mens loue.
First Madame, I intreate peace of you,
Which I purchase with my dutious seruice,
Of you my noble cousen Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betwdene vs.
Of you my Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray of you,
That all without desert haue frownd on me,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Englishman aliue,
With whome my soule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humilitie.
Qu. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
My soueraigne liege I do beseech you Maiestie
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glo. Why Madame, haue I offred loue for this,
To be thus scornde in this royall presence?
Who knowes not that the noble Duke is dead?
You doe him iniurie to scorne his coarse.
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead? who knowes he is?
Qu. All seeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I so pale Lord Dorset as the rest?
Dor I my good Lord, and no one in this presence,
But his red colour hath forsooke his cheekes.
Kin. Is Clarence dead? the order was reuerst.
Glo. But he (poore soule) by your first order dide,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardie cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lagge to see him buried:
God graunt that some lesse noble, and lesse loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deserue not worse then wretched Clarence did,
And yet goe currant from suspition.

Enter Darbie

Dar.

Dar. A boone (my ſoueraigne) for my ſeruice done,
Kin. I praythee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorow.
Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe graunt,
Kin. Then ſpeake at once, what it is thou demaundeſt?
Dar. The forfeit (ſoueraigne) of my ſeruants life,
Who ſlew to day a ryotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norffolke.
Kin. Haue I a tongue to doome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon to a ſlaue;
My brother ſlew no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his puniſhmen was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brother-hood? who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mightie warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field by Tewxburie,
When Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me,
And ſaid, deare brother, liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lappe me,
Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himſelfe
All thin and naked to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters or your wayting vaſſailes
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deare Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
And I vniuſtly too, muſt graunt it you.
But for my brother, not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him, poore ſoule: The proudeſt of you all
Haue bene beholden to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iuſtice will take holde
On me, and you, and mine, and your for this. (*Exit.*
Come Haſtings, helpe me to my cloſet, oh poore Clarence

Glo.

Glo. This is the fruit of rawneſſe: markt you not
How that the guiltie kindred of the Queene,
Looks pale when they did heare of Clarence death.
Oh, they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort Edward with our company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dutches of Yorke with Clarence Children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our father dead?
Dut. No boy. (breaſt?
Boy. Why do you wring your hands and beate your
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnhappy ſonne?
Girle. Why do you looke on vs and ſhake your head?
And call vs wretches, Orphanes, caſtawaies,
If that our noble father be aliue?
Dut. My prittie Coſens, you miſtake me much,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King:
As loth to looſe him, now your fathers dead:
It were loſt labour to weepe for one that's loſt.
Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my Vncle is too blame for this.
God will reuenge it, whome I will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.
Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and ſhallow innocents,
You cannot geſſe who cauſde your fathers death.
Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vncle Gloceſter
Told me, the King prouoked by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to impriſon him:
And when he told me ſo he wept,
And hugd me in his arme, and kindly kiſt my cheekes,
And bad me relie on him as on my father,
And he would loue me dearely as his childe.
Dut. Oh that deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my ſonne, yea and therein my ſhame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did diſſemble, Granam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noiſe is this?

Enter.

Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke despaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah, so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crakt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which greeues me when I see my shame in him,
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and *Clarence*, O what cause haue I
Then, being but moitie of my selfe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you weept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. *Edward*,

Ambo.

Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo. *Clarence*.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Qu. What stay had I but *Edward*, and is he gone?

Ambo. What stay had we but *Clarence*, and is he gone?

Dut. What stay had I but they, and they are gone?

Qu. Was neuer widow, had so deare a losse.

Ambo. Was euer Orphanes had a dearer losse?

Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer losse?
Alas, I am the mother of these moanes,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for *Edward* weepes, and so do I:
I for a *Clarence* weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for *Clarence* weepe, and so do I:
I for an *Edward* weepe, and so do they,
Alas, you three on me three-fould distrest,
Powre all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Enter Gloster, with others.

Glo. Madame haue comfort, all of vs haue cause
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Madame my mother, I doe cry you mercy,
I did not see your Grace, humbly on on my knee
I craue you blessing.

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meekenesse in thy minde,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, make me die a good old man.
Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing:
I marueil why her grace did leaue it out?

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart sorrowing Peeres,
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue spent our harvest for this King,
We are to reape the harvest of his soone:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and ioynd together,
Must greatly be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept.
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.

Glo.

Glo. Then be it so: and goe we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shal post to Ludlow?
Madame, and you my mother, will you go,
To giue your censures in this waightie businesse.
Ans. With all our harts. *Exeunt. manet Glo. Buck.*
Buck. My Lord, who euer iourneyes to the Prince,
For Gods sake let not vs two be behind:
For by the way Ile sort occasion,
As index to the storie we lately talkt off,
To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King,
Glo. My other selfe, my counsels consistorie,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Cosen:
I like a child will goe by thy direction:
Towards Ludlow then, for we will not stay behinde. *Exit.*

Enter two Cittizens.

1. *Cit.* Neighbour well met, whither away so fast?
2. *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know my selfe.
1. Heare you the newes abroad?
2. I, that the King is dead.
1. Bad newes birlady, seldome comes the better,
I feare, I feare, twill prooue a troublesome world. *Enter another Cit.*
3. *Cit.* Good morrow neighbours.
Doth this newes hold of good King Edwards death?
1. It doth. 3. Then maisters looke to see a troublous world.
1. No, no, by Gods grace his sonne shall raigne.
3. Woe to that land thats gouernd by a childe.
2. In him there is a hope of gouernment,
That in his nonage, counsell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himselfe,
No doubt shall then, and till then gouerne well.
1. So stood the state when Harry the sixt
Was crownd at Paris, but at nine moneths old.
3. Stood the state so? no good my friend not so,
For then this land was famously enricht
With politike graue counsell: then the King
Had vertuous Vncles to protect his Grace.
2. So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3. Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:

For emulation now, who shall be neareſt,
Which touch vs all too neare if God preuent not.
Oh full of danger is the Duke of Glocester,
And the Queenes kindred hautie and proude,
And were they to be rulde, and not rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.
2. Come, come, we feare the worst, all shall be well.
3. When clouds appeare, wise men put on their cloakes.
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the sun sets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely stormes make men expect a dearth:
All men be well: but if God sort it so,
Tis more then we deserue, or I expect.
1. Truly the soules of men are full of dread:
Ye cannot almast reason with a man
That lookes not heauily and full of feare.
3. Before the times of change, still is it so:
By a deuine instinct mens mindes mistrust
Ensuing dangers, as by proofe we see,
The waters swell before a boystous storme:
But leaue it all to God: whither away?
2. We are sent for to the Iustice.
3. And so was I, Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinall, Dutches of Yorke, Qu. yong Yorke.

Car. Last night I heard they lay at Northampton,
At Stonistratford will they be to night,
To morrow or next day they will be heere.
Dut. I long with all my heart to see the Prince,
I hope he is much growne since last I saw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they say my soonne of Yorke
Hath ouertane him in his growth.
Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it so.
Dut. Why, my yong Cousin it is good to grow.
Yor. Graman, one night as we did sit at supper,
My Vncle Riuers talkt how I did grow
More then my brother. I quoth my Vncle Glo.
Small hearbs haue grace, great weeds grow apace:
And since me thinkes I would not grow so fast,
Because sweete flowers are slow, and weedes make hast.

Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had been remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine.
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so faw,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old:
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a prittie iest.
Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perillous Boy: go too: you are too shrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaugham, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloceſter and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie brgins to iet

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre.
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being seated, and domesticke broyles
Cleane ouerblowne, themselues the conquerours,
Make war vpon themselues, blood against blood,
Selfe against selfe, O prepostorous
And franktice outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuarie.
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gracious Lady, go.
And thither bare your treasure and your goods.
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace,
The Seale I keepe, and so betid to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours:
Come ile conduct you to the Sanctuarie. *Exeunt.*
The Trumpets sound. Enter young Prince, the Duke of Gloster, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c. (ber.
Buck. Welcome sweete Prince to London to your cham-
Glo. Welcome deare Cosen my thoughts soueraigne:
The weary way hath made you melancholie.
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisom, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeares,
Haue not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart,
Those Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your grace attended to their fugred words,
But lookt not on the poyson of their hearts:

God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends.
Prin. God keepe me from falſe friends, but they were none.
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.
Enter Lord Maior.
Lo. M. God bleſſe your Grace, with health and happie daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my Lo. and thanke you all,
I thought my mother and my brother Yorke,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie, what a ſlug is Haſtings that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L. Haſt.*
Buck. And in good time here comes the ſweating Lord.
Prin. Welcome my Lord, what, will our mother come?
Haſt. On what occaſion God he knowes, not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother Yorke
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuiſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perſwade the Queene to ſend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely brother preſently?
If ſhe denie, Lord Haſtings go with them,
And from her iealous armes plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo. of Buckingham, if my weake oratorie
Can from his mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him heere: but if ſhe be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy priuiledge
Of bleſſed Sanctuarie: not for all this land,
Would I be guiltie of ſo great a ſinne.
Buck. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the greatneſſe of this age,
You breake not Sanctuarie in ſeazing him:
The benefit thereof is alwaies granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings haue deſerued the place,
And thoſe who haue the wit to claime the place.
This Prince hath neither claimed it, nor deſerued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then take him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sactuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children neuer till now.
Car. My Lord, you ſhall ouer-rule my mind for once:
Come on Lord Haſtings, will you goe with me?
Haſt. I goe my Lord. *Exit. Car. & Haſt.*
Pri. Good Lords make all the ſpeedie haſt you may.
Say Vncle *Gloceſter*, if our brother come,
Where ſhall we ſoiourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it thinkſt beſt vnto your royall ſelfe:
If I may counſell you, ſome day or two
Your highneſſe ſhall repoſe you at the Tower:
Then where you pleaſe and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.
Pri. I doe not like the Tower of any place:
Did *Iulius Cæſer* build that place my Lord?
Buck. He did, my gratious Lo. begin that place,
Which ſince ſucceeding ages haue reedified.
Prin. Is it vpon record, or elſe reported
Succeſſiuely from age to age he built it?
Buck. Vpon record my gracious Lord.
Prin. But ſay my Lord it were not regiſtred,
Me thinkes the truth ſhould liue from age to age,
As twere retaild to all poſteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wiſe, ſo yong, they ſay do neuer liue long.
Prin. What ſay you Vncle?
Glo. I ſay, without Caracters fame liues long:
That like the formall vice, iniquitie,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prin. That *Iulius Cæſar* was a famous man,
With what his valour did inrich his wit,
His wit ſet downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conqueſt of his conqueror,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Couſen *Buckingham.*
Buck. What my gracious Lord?
Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,

Ile winne our ancient right in France againe,
Or dye a ſouldier as I liu'd a King.
Glo. Short ſommers lightly haue a forward ſpring.
Enter yong Yorke. Haſtings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of *Yorke.*
Prin. Richard of *Yorke*, how fares our noble brother?
Yor. Well my deare Lord: ſo muſt I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dide that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſtie.
Glo. How fares our couſen noble Lo. of *Yorke*?
Yor. I thanke you gentle vncle. O my Lord,
You ſaid that Idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lord.
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire couſen, I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſman.
Yor. I pray you Vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger litle couſen, with all my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind Vncle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no gift to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, ile giue my coſen.
Yor. A greater gift? O thats the ſword too it.
Glo. I gentle coſen, were it light enough.
Yor. O then I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle ſay a begger nay.
Glo. It is too weightie for you grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What, would you haue my weapon little Lord?
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Litle.
Prin. My Lo: of *Yorke* will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Becauſe that I am litle like an *Ape.*
He thinkes that you ſhould beare me on your ſhoulders.
Buc. With what a ſharpe prouided wit he reaſons,
To mittigate the ſcorne he giue his vncle,
He pretely and aptly taunts himſelfe:
So cunning and ſo young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo: wilt pleaſe you paſſe along?
My ſelfe and my good couſen *Buckingham*,
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you goe vnto the Tower my Lord?
Prin. My Lord *Protector* will haue it ſo.
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what ſhould you feare?
Yor. Mary my vncle *Clarence* angry ghoſt:
My Granam told me he was murdred there.
Prin. I feare no vncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my L. with a heauie heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
Exeunt. Prin. Yor. Haſt. Dorſmanet. Biſh. Buc.
Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litie prating Yorke,
Whas not incenſed by his ſubtile mother,
To taunt and ſcorne you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis a perilous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers, from the top to toe.
Buc. Well let them reſt: come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art ſworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knoweſt our reaſons vrgde vpon the way:
What thinkeſt thou, is it not an eaſie matter
To make *William* L. *Haſtings* of our minde,
For the inſtalment of this noble Duke,
In the ſeate toyall of this famous Ile?
Cateſ. He for his fathers ſake ſo loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought againſt him.
Buc. What thinkeſt thou then of Stanley, what will he?

Cat. He will doe all in all as Haſtings doth.
Buc. Well, then no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Haſtings* how he ſtands affected
Vnto our purpoſe, If he be willing,
Encourage him, and ſhew him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too: and ſo breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold deuided counſels,
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lord *William*, tell him *Catesby*
His ancient knot of dangerous aduerſaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Caſtle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Miſtris *Shore*, one gentle kiſſe the more.
Buck. Good *Catesby* effect this buſineſſe ſoundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heede I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you *Catesby* ere we ſleepe?
Cat. You ſhall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At *Crosby* place, there ſhall you finde vs both.
Buck. Now my Lord, what ſhall we do, if we perceiue
William Lord *Haſtings* will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, ſome what we will do,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of *Hertford* and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother ſtood poſſeſt.
Buck. Ile claime that promiſe at your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingneſſe.
Come let vs ſup betimes, that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome forme. *Exeunt.*

Enter a meſſenger to Lord Haſtings.

Meſſ. What ho my Lord.
Haſt. Who knocks at the coore?
Meſſ. A meſſenger from the Lord *Stanley*. *Enter L. Haſt.*
Haſt. Whats a clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maiſter ſleepe the tedious nights?
Meſſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:

First he commends him to your noble Lordſhip.
Haſt. And then. *Meſ.* And then he ſends you word,
He dreamt to night, the Boare had caſt his helme:
Beſides he ſayes, there are two counſels held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rew at the other,
Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhips pleaſure
If preſently you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeede poſt into the North,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoule diuines.
Haſt. Good fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord:
Bid him not feare the ſeparated councels:
His Honour and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other is my ſeruant *Catesby*:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are ſhallow, wanting inſtancie.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is ſo fond,
To truſt the mockerie of vnquiet ſlumbers.
To flye the Boare before the Boare purſue vs,
Were to incence the Boare to follow vs,
And make purſuite where he did meane no chaſe.
Go, bid thy maiſter riſe and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the Boare will vſe vs kindly.
Meſ. My gracious Lord, Ile tell him what you ſay. *Exit.*

Enter Catesby to L. Haſtings.

Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.
Haſt. Good morrow *Catesby*: you are early ſtirring,
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering ſtate?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeede my Lord,
And I beleeue twill neuer ſtand vpright
Till *Richad* weare the Garland of the Realme.
Haſt. Who? weare the Garland? doeſt thou meane the (Crowne?
Cat. I my good Lord.
Haſt. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my ſhoul-
Ere I wiil ſee the Crowne ſo foule miſplaſte: (ders,
But canſt thou geſſe that he doth ayme at it?
Cat. Vpon my life my L. and hopes to finde you forward

Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And therevpon he ſends you this good newes:
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, muſt die at *Pomfret*.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for this newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on *Richards* ſide,
To barre my maiſters heires in true diſcent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me in my maiſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:
I tell the *Catesby*. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Haſt. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on it.
Cat. 'Tis a vile thing to die my gratious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo falls it out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*: and ſo twill doo
With ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowſt are deare
To princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Haſt. I know they do, and I haue well deſerued it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe you ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*:
You may ieſt on, but by the holy Roode,
I do not like theſe ſeuerall councels I.
Haſt. My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,
And neuer in my life I do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo tryumphant as I am?
Sta. The Lords of *Pomfret* when they rode from London
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,

And indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee how ſoone the day orecaſt,
This ſudden ſcab of rancor I miſdoubt,
Pray God, I ſay, I proue a needleſſe coward,
But come my L. ſhall we to the Tower?
Haſt. I go: but ſtay, heare you not the newes?
This day thoſe men you talke of, are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then ſome that haue accuſed them weare their hats:
But come my L. let vs away. *Exit. L. Standley, & Cat.*
Haſt. Go you before, Ile follow preſently.

Enter Haſtings a Purſiuant.

Haſt. Well met *Haſtings*, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better that it pleaſe your good Lordſhip to ask.
Haſt. I tell thee fellow, 'tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee laſt where now we meete:
Then was I going priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your Honours good content.
Haſt. Gramercy *Haſtings*, hold ſpend thou that.

He giues him his purſe.

Pur. God ſaue your Lordſhip. *Exit. Pur. Enter a Prieſt.*
Haſt. What ſir Iohn, you are well met:
I am beholding to you for your laſt dayes exerciſe:
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you. *He whiſpers*

Enter Buckingham. (*in his eare.*

Buc. How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking with a
Your friends at *Pomfret* they do need the Prieſt. (prieſt?
Your Honour hath no ſhriuing worke in hand.
Haſt. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Thoſe men you talke of, came into my minde:
What, go you to the Tower my Lord?
Buc. I do, but long I ſhall not ſtay,
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip thence.
Haſt. 'Tis like enough, for I ſtay dinner there.
Buc. And ſupper too, although thou knowſt it not:

Come, ſhall we goe along?

Enter Sir Richad Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, priſoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the priſoners.

Riu. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day ſhalt thou behold a ſubiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

Riu. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*. O thou bloody priſon,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peeres:
Within the guilty cloſure of thy walles
Richard the ſecond here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlaunder to thy diſmall ſoule,
We giue thee vp our guiltleſſe blouds to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarts curſe if falne vpon our heads,
For ſtanding by, when *Richard* ſtabd her ſonne.

Riu. Then curſt ſhe *Haſtings*, then curſt ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curſt ſhe *Richard*. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my ſiſter and her princely ſonne:
Be ſatisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knoweſt vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Come, come, diſpatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counſell.

Haſt. My Lords at once, the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation.
In Gods name ſay, when is this rayall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and let but nomination.

Biſh. To morrow then, I gueſſe a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* minde herein?
Who is moſt inward with the noble *Duke*? (his mind.

Bi. Why you my L: me thinks you ſhould ſooneſt know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord

Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are neare in loue.

Haſt. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpoſe in the Coronation
I haue not ſounded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleaſure any way therein:
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my voyce,
Which I preſume he will take in good part.

Biſh. Now in good time heere comes the Duke himſelfe.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. My noble L. and couſens all good morrow,
I haue bene long a ſleepe, but now I hope
My abſence doth neglect no great deſignes,
Which by my preſence might haue bene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. *Haſtings* had now pronounſt you part:
I meane your voyce for crowning of the King.

Glo. Then my L. *Haſtings*, no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and loues me well.

Haſt. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of Elie.

Biſh. My Lord.

Glo. When I was laſt in Holborne,
I ſaw good ſtrawberries in your garden there,
I do beſeech you ſend for ſome of them.

Biſh. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Couſen *Buckingham*, a word with you:
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtings* in our buſineſſe,
And findes the teſty gentleman ſo hote,
As he will looſe his head ere giue conſent,
His maiſters ſonne as wotſhipfull he termes it,
Shall looſe the royaltie of Englands throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my L. Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

Dar. We haue not yet ſet downe this day of triumph.
To morrow in mine opinion is too ſoone:
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolonged.

Enter the Biſhop of Elie. (berries.

Biſh. Where is my L. *Protector*, I haue ſent for theſe ſtraw-

Haſt.

Haſt. His grace lookes cheerefully and ſmooth to day,
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Marry, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewne it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diuelliſh plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my graciour Lord.
Glo. If thou *Protector* of this damned ſtrumpet,
Telſt thou me of iffs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I ſweare,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Haſt. Wo, wo, for *England*, not a whit for me. *Ca. with Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I diſdaind it, and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartled when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As loth to beare me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
Oh, now I want the Prieſt that ſpake to me,
I now repent I told the Purſiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcherd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curſe
Is lightened on poore *Haſtings* wretched head.
Cat. Diſpatch my Lord, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
Liues like a drunken Sayler on a maſt,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſhall be dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Gloſter and Buckingham in armour.

Glo. Come couſen, canſt thou quake & change thy colour?
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and ſtop againe,
As if thou wert diſtraught and mad with terror.
Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery ſide:
Intending deepe ſuſpition, gaſtly lookes
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſmiles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems. *Entes Maior.*
Glo. Here comes the Maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord Maior
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent for you.
Glo. *Catesby* ouerlooke the walles.
Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs.
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is *Catesby*.

Enter Catesby with Hastings head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and vnsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:
Looke ye my Lord Maior:
I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The Historie of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparent open guilt omitted:
I meane his conuersation with *Shores* wife,
He laid from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the couertst sheltred traitor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleeue, were not by great preseruation
We liue to tell it you? The subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of *Gloucester*.
Mayor. What, had he so?
Glo. What thinke ye we are Turkes or Infidels,
Or that we would against the course of Law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safetie
Inforst vs to this execution?
Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good L. both, haue well proceeded,
To warne false traitors from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse *Shore*.
Glo. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing hast of these our friends
Somewhat against our meaning haue preuented,
Because my *Lord*, we would haue had you heard
The traitor speake, and timerously confesse
The manner, and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same.

Vnto

Vnto the Cittizens, who happily may
Misconstrue vs in him, and waile his death.
Ma. My good *L.* your graces word shall serue,
As well as I had seene or heard him speake:
And doubt you not right noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint your dutious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this ease.
Glo. And to that end we wish your *Lordship* here,
To auoid the carping censures of the world.
Buc. But since you came too late of our intents,
Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my *Lord* adue.
Glo. After, after, Cousen *Buckingham*. *Exit Maior.*
The Maior towards Guild-hall hies him in all post,
There at your meetest aduantage of the time,
Inferre the bastardy of *Edwards* children:
Tell them how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was tearmed so.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxurie,
And beastiall appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauage heart,
Without controll lifted to make his prey:
Nay for a need thus farre come neare my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnsatiate *Edward*, noble Yorke,
My Princely father then had wares in *France*,
And by iust computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father:
But touch this sparingly as it were farre off,
Because you know my *Lord*, me brother liues.
Buc. Feare not, my *Lord*, Ile play the Orator,
As if the golden fee for which I pleade,
Were for my selfe.
Glo. If you thriue well, bring them to Baynards Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied

With

With reuerend fathers and well learned Bishops.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild-hall affordeth, and so my Lord farwell.
Glo. Now will I in to take some priuie order (*Ex. Buc.*
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of sight,
And to giue notice that no manner of person
At any time haue recourse vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener with a paper in his hand.

This is the Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
Which in a set hand fairely is ingrost'd,
That it may be this day read ouer in Pauls:
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I spent to write it ouer.
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it brought me,
The president was full as long a doing,
And yet within these fiue houres liued Lord *Hastings*
Vntainted, vnexamined: free, at libertie:
Here's a good world the while. Why who's so grosse
That sees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who so blind but sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Gloceſter at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord what say the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizenes are mumme, and speake not a word.
Glo. Toucht you the bastardy of *Edwards* Children?
Buc. I did: with the insatiate greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne bastardy,
As being got, your father then in *France*:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in one forme and nobleneſſe of minde:
Layd vpon all your victories in *Scotland*:
Your Discipline in warre, wisedome in peace:
Your bountie, vertue, faire humilitie:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntouch't, or sleightly handled in discourse:
And when my Oratorie grew to end,

I bad them that loues their Countries good,
Cry, God saue *Richard*, Englands royall King.
Glo. *A*, and did they so?
Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stones,
Gazde eace on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them:
And askt the Mayor what meanes this wilfull silence?
His answere was, the people were not wont
To be spoke too, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd:
But nothing speake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,
And some ten voyces cryed, God saue King *Richad*:
Thankes louing Citizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisedome and your loues to *Richard*:
And so brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongueleſſe blocks were they, would they not
Buc. No by my troth my Lord. (speake?
Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his bretheren come?
Buc. The Mayor is heere: and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mightie suite:
And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt two Church-men good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:
Be not easie wonne to our request:
Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canſt pleade as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt weele bring it to a happie issue.
Buc. You shall see what I can do, get you vp to the leads. *Ex.*
Now my Lord Mayor, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoken withall. *Enter Catesby.*
Here comes his seruant: how now *Catesby*, what sayes he?
Cat. My Lord he doth entreate your Grace
To visit him to morrow, or next day:

He is within with twoo reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to me ditation,
And in no worldly ſute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy *Lord* againe,
Tell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing them then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome conference with his grace.
Cat. Ile him what you ſay my *Lord.* *Exit.*
Buc. *A* ha my *Lord*, this prince is not an *Edward*:
He is not lulling on a leawd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping to ingroſſe his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull ſoule,
Happy were England, would this graciour prince
Take on himſelfe the ſoueraigntie thereon,
But ſure I feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.
Mai. Marry God forbid his grace ſhould ſay vs nay.
Enter Catesby.
Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*,
What ſayes your *Lord*?
Cat. My *Lord* he wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troupes of Citizens to ſpeake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My *Lord*, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sory I am my noble couſen ſhould
Suſpect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit. Cat.*
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them hence,
So ſweet is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich. and two Biſhops aloft.
Maior. See where he ſtands betweene two Clergimen.
Buc. Two props of vertue for a Chriſtian Prince:
To ſtay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous *Plantagenet*, moſt gracious prince,
Lend fauourable eares to my requeſt:
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Chriſtian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no ſuch Apologie,
I rather do beſeech you pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſeruice of my God,
Neglect the viſitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your Graes pleaſure?
Buc. Euen that I hope which pleaſeth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouernd Ile.
Glo. I do ſuſpect, I haue done ſome offence,
That ſeeme diſgracious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buc. You haue my Lord: would it pleaſe your Grace
At our entreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Elſe wherefore breath I in a Chriſtian land?
Buc. Then know it is your fault that you reſigne
The ſupreame Seate, the Throne maieſticall,
The Sceptred office of your Anceſtors,
The lineall glory of your royall Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſht ſtocke:
Whileſt in the mildeneſſe of your ſleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to your Countryes good:
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with ſcars of infamie,
And almoſt ſhouldred in this ſwallowing gulph
Of blind forgetfulneſſe and darke obliuion:
Which to recouer we hartily ſolicite
Your Gracious ſelfe to take on you the ſoueraigntie therof,
Not as Protector, Swteard, Subſtitute,
Nor lowly Factor for an others gaine?
But as ſucceſſiuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your Emperie, your owne:
For this conſorted with the Cittizens,
Your worſhipfull and very louing friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this iuſt ſute come I to moue your Grace.
Glo. I know not whither to depart in ſilence,

Or biterly to ſpeake in your reproofe,
Beſt fitteth my degree or your condition:
Your loue deſerues my thankes, but my deſert
Vnmeritable ſhunnes your high requeſt,
Firſt if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the Crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet ſo much is my pouertie of ſpirit,
So mightie and ſo many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatneſſe,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie ſea,
Then in my greatneſſe couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmothered:
But God be thanked theres no need for me,
And much I neede to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruite,
Which mellowed by the ſtealing houres of time,
Will well become the ſeate of maieſtie;
And make no doubt vs happie by his raigne,
On him I lay, what you would lay on me:
The right and fortune of his happie ſtarres,
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him.
Buc. My Lord, this argues conſcience in your grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay that *Edward* is your brothers ſonne,
So ſay we too, but not by *Edwards* wife:
For firſt he was contracted to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues, a witneſſe to that vow,
And afterwards by ſubſtitute betrothed
To *Bona*, ſiſter to the King of *France*,
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widdowe,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt dayes,
Made priſe and purchaſe of his luſtfull eye,
Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To baſe declenſion and loathed bigamie,
By her in this vnlawfull bed he got,

This *Edward*, whome our manners terme the Prince:
More bitterly could expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue
I giue a ſparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie?
If not to bleſſe vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,
From the corruption of a buſing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued courſe.
Mai. Do good my Lord, your citizens entreat you.
Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſute.
Glo. Alas, why would you heape thoſe cares on me,
I am vnfit for ſtate and dignitie:
I doe beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buc. If you refuſe it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the childe your brothers ſonne,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all eſtates,
Yet whether you except our ſute or no,
Your brothers ſonne ſhall neuer raigne our King,
But we will plant ſome other in the throne,
To the diſgrace and downefall of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you,
Come Citizens, zounds, Ile intreat no more.
Glo. O do not ſweare my Lord of *Buckingham*,
Cat. Call them againe, my Lord and accept their ſute.
Ano. Do, good my Lord, leaſt all the land doe rew it.
Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well, call them againe, I am not made of ſtones,
But penetrable to your kind intreats,
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoule,
Coſen of *Buckingham*, and you ſage grauemen,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I muſt haue patience to endure the loade,

But if blacke ſcandall or ſo foule fac't reproach
Attend the ſequell of your impoſition,
Your meere inforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtaines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from the deſire thereof.
May. God bleſſe your Grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.
Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buc. Then I ſalute you with this kingly Title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.
May. Amen.
Buc. To morrow will it pleaſe you to be crown'd?
Glo. Euen when you will, ſince you will haue it ſo.
Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good Couſen, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene mother, Dutcheſſe of Yorke, Marques Dorſet at one doore, Dutcheſſe of Gloceſter at another doore.

Dut. Who meetes vs heere, my Neece *Plantagenet*?
Qu. Siſter well met, whither away ſo faſt?
Dut. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I gueſſe,
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
Qu. Kind ſiſter thankes, weele enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How feares the Prince?
Lieu. Well Madam, and in health: but by your leaue,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit him,
The King hath ſtraightly charged the contrary.
Qu. The King? why, who's that?
Lieu. I cry you mercie, I meane the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he ſet bounds betwixt their loue and me:
I am their mother, who ſhould keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will ſee them.
Dut. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:

Then feare not thou. Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I doe beſeech your Graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it.

Enter Lord Standly.

Stan. Let me but meete your Ladies at an houre hence,
And Ile ſalute your Grace of *Yorke*, as mother:
And reuerent looker on, of two faire Queenes.
Come Madam, you muſt goe with me to Weſtminſter,
There to be crowned *Richards* royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in ſunder, that my pent heart
May haue ſome ſcope to beate, or elſe I ſound
With this dead liking newes.
Dor. Madam, haue comfort, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O Dorſet, ſpeake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and deſtruction dogge thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt ouerſtrip death, goe croſſe the ſeas,
And liue with *Richmond* from the race of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this ſlaughter houſe,
Leaſt thou increaſe the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margarets curſe,
Nor mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſell Madam,
Take all the ſwift aduantage of the time,
You ſhall haue letters from me to me ſonne,
To meete you on the way and welcome you,
Be not taken tardie, by vnwiſe delay.
Dut. Yor. O ill diſpearſing winde of miſerie,
O my accurſed wombe, the bed of death,
A Cokatrice haſt thou hatcht to the world,
Whoſe vnauoyded eye is murtherous.
Stan. Come Madam, I in all haſte was ſent for.
Dutch. And I in all vnwillingneſſe will goe,
I would to God that the incluſiue verge
Of golden mettall that muſt round my browe,
Were red hotte ſteele to ſeare me to the braine,
Annoynted let me be with deadly poyſon,
And die, ere men can ſay, God ſaue the Queene.

Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me I followed *Henries* courſe,
When ſcarſe the blood was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angell husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, I lookt on *Richards* face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo yong, ſo old a widow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife if any be ſo badde
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the ſubiects of my owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept mine eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of ſleepe,
Bnt haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Beſides, he hates me for my father *Warwicke*,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I pittie thy complaints.
Dut. Glo. No more then from my ſoule I mourne for yours
Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glorie.
Dut. Glo. Adue poore ſoule, thou takſt thy leaue of it.
Dut. Yor. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuarie, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue where peace and reſt lie with me,
Eightie old yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The Trumpets ſound, Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Coſen of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he aſcendeth his throne.*

Thus

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy aſſiſtance is King *Richard* ſeated:
But ſhall wee weare theſe honours for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we reioyce in them?
Buc. Still liue they, and for euer may they laſt.
Kin. Ri. O *Buckingham*, now I doe play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold indeed:
Yong *Edward* liues: thinke now what I would ſay.
Buc. Say on my gratious ſoueraigne.
King. Why *Buckingham*, I ſay I would be King.
Buc. Why ſo you are my thrice renowned Liege,
Kin. Ha: am I King? tis ſo, but *Edward* liues.
Buc. True noble Prince.
Kin. O bitter conſequence,
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould liue true noble Prince.
Coſen, thou wert not wont to be ſo dull:
Shall I be plaine? I wiſh the baſtards dead,
And I would haue it ſuddenly performde.
What ſaieſt thou? ſpeake ſuddenly, be briefe.
Buc. Your grace may do your pleaſure.
King. Tut, tut, thou art all ayce, thy kindneſſe freezeth,
Say, haue I thy conſent that they ſhall die?
Buc. Giue me ſome breath, ſome little pauſe my Lord,
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake herein:
I will reſolue your grace immediatly.
Cat. The King is angry, ſee, he bites the lip.
King. I will conuerſe with iron witted fooles,
And vnreſpectiue boyes, none are for me
That looke into me with conſiderate eyes:
Boy, high reaching *Buckingham* growes circumſpect.
Boy. Lord.
King. Knowſt thou not any whome corrupting gold
Would tempt vnto a cloſe exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a diſcontented Gentleman,
Whoſe humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Terrill.

King.

King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reuoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.

How now, what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor it abroad
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry straight to *Clarence* daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That *Anne* my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pittie dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name Tirrel?

Tir. Iames *Tirrel*, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.

King. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord, but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.

King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweete sleepes disturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,

And soone Ile rid you from the feare of them,

King. Thou singst sweet musicke. Come hither *Tirrill*,
Go by that token, rise and lend thine eare. *He whispers in his eare.*
Tis no more but so, say, is it done
And I will loue thee, and preferre thee too.

Tir. Tis done my gracious Lord.

King. Shall we heare from thee *Tirrell*, ere we sleepe?

Enter Buckingham.

Tir. Yea my good Lord.

Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did sound me in.

King. Well let that passe, *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.

King. *Stanly*, he is your wiues sonne: Well looke too it.

Buc. My Lord I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of *Herford* and the moueables,
The which you promised I should possesse.

King. *Stanly* looke to your wife, if she conuey
Letters to *Richmond* you shall answere it.

Buc. What saies your Highnesse to my iust demand?

King. As I remember *Henry* the sixt
Did prophesie that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuish boy,
A King perhaps, perhaps. *Buck.* My Lord.

King. How chance the Prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me, I being by, that I should kill him.

Buc. My Lord, your promise for the Earledome.

King. *Richmond*, when last I was at *Exeter*,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,
And called it Rouge-mount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me once
I should not liue long after I saw *Richmond*

Buc. My Lord.

King. I, whats a clocke?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promisde me.

King. Well, but whats a clocke?

Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.

King. Well, let it ſtrike.
Buc. Why let it ſtrike?
King Becauſe that like a Iacke thon keepſt the ſtroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then reſolue me whether you will or no?
K. Tut, tut, thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen ſo? rewards he my true ſeruice
With ſuch deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Haſtings*, and begone
To *Brecknock*, while my fearefull head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloudy deed is done,
The moſt arch-act of pitteous maſſacre,
That euer yet this land was guiltie of,
Dighton and *Forreſt* whom I did ſubborne,
To do this ruthfull peece of butchery,
Although they were fleſht villaines, bloudy dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and compaſſion,
Wept like two children in their deaths ſad ſtories:
Loe thus quoth *Dighton* lay theſe tender babes,
Thus, thus quoth *Forreſt* girdling one another
Within their innocent alablaſter armes,
Their lips like foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
When in their ſommer beautie kiſt each other,
A booke of prayers on their pillow laie,
Which once quoth *Forreſt* almoſt chang'd my mind,
But O the Diuell! there the villaine ſtopt,
Whilſt *Dighton* thus told on we ſmoothered
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature
That from the prime creation euer he framde,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To bring theſe tydings to the bloudy King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my ſoueraigne Liege.
King. Kind *Tirrill*, and I happie in thy newes?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happineſſe, be happie then,
For it is done my Lord.

King

King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle *Tirrill*?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I do not know.
King. Come to me *Tirrill* ſoone at after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire. *Exit Tirrill.*
Farewell till ſoone.
The ſonne of *Clarence* haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanely haue I matcht in marriage,
The ſonnes of *Edward* ſleepe in *Abraham's* boſome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittaine *Richmond* aimes
And yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I goe a iolly thriuing wooer. *Enter Cateſby.*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad, that thou comeſt in ſo bluntly?
Cat. Bad newes my Lord, *Ely* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy Welchmen
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
King. *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more neare
Then *Buckingham* and his raſh leuied army:
Come, I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and ſnaile-pac't beggery,
Then fierie expedition be my wings,
Ioue, *Mercurie*, and Herald for a King.
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be briefe, when traitors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margaret ſola.

Qu. Mar. So now proſperitie begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in theſe confines ſlilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the wayning of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am I witneſſe too,
And will to *France*, hoping the conſequence

Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere.

Enter the Queene, and the Dutchesse of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my yong Princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweets,
If yet your gentle soules flie in the aire,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your airie wings,
And heare your mothers lamentation.

Qu Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,

Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe, when such a deed was done?

Qu. Mar. When holy *Mary* died, and my sweet Son.

Dutch. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes scoane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfull made drunke with innocents blood.

Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue,
As thou canst yeeld a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them heere:
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

Dut. So many miseries haue craz'd my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumbe,
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Qu. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiorie,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper hand,
If sorrow can admit societie,
Tell ouer your woes againe by viewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpst to kill him.

Qu. Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell-

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That Dogge that had his teeth before his eyes
To worrie lambes, and lap their gentle bloods,
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke,
Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues,
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall curre
Preyes on the issue of his mothers bodie,
And makes her pue-fellow with others mone.

Dut. O, Harries wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witnesse with me, I haue wept for thee.

Qu. Mar. Beare with me, I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloie me with beholding it:
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that stabd my *Edward*,
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quite my *Edward*,
Yong *Yorke*, he is but boote, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse:
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this Tragicke play,
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Vntimely smoothered in their duskie graues,
Richard yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reserued their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand at hand,
Ensues his pitteous, and vnpittied end,
Earth gapes, hels burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him suddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bond of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say the Dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didst prophesie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That botteld spider, that foule hunch-backt toad.

Qu. Mar. I cald thee then, vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then poore shaddow, painted Queene,
The presentation of, but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high, to be hurld downe below,
A mother onely, mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

A ſigne of dignitie, a gariſh flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doeſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to thee, and cries God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widdow:
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name:
For Queene, a very Catife crown'd with care:
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues:
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more, but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doeſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burthened yoke,
From which, euen heere, I ſlip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorks* wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes, will make me ſmile in *France*.

Qu. O thou well skild in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.

Qu. Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day,
Compare dead happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy loſſe makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to curſe.

Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine,
Qu. Ma. Thy woes wil make them ſharp, & pierce like mine. *Exit Ma.*

Dut. Why ſhould calamitie be full of words?

Qu. Windie attturnies to your client woes,
Aierie ſucceeders of inteſtate ioyes,
Poore

Poore breathing orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they doe impart
Helpe not at all, yet doe they eaſe the hart.

Dut. If ſo, then be not tong-tide, goe with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, lets ſmoother
My damned ſonne, which thy two ſonnes ſmothered:
I heare his drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard marching with Drummes and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?

Dut. A ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee,
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters wretch, that thou haſt done.

Qu. Hid'ſt thou that forehead with a golden crowne,
Where ſhould be grauen, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owde that crowne,
And the dire death of my two ſonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, where are my children?

Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother *Clarence?*
And little Ned Plantagenet, his Sonne?

Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?

King. A ſtouriſh trumpets, ſtrike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I ſay. *The trumpets ſounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my ſonne?

King. I, I thanke God, my father and your ſelfe.

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.

King. Madam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my ſpeech.

King. And briefe good mother for I am in haſt.

Dut. Art thou ſo haſtie, I haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie.

King. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell:

A greeuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy ſchoole-daies frightfull, deſperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmde, proud, ſubtill, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?
King. Faith none but *Humphrey* houre, that cald your grace
To breakefaſt once forth of my companie:
If it be ſo gratious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.
Dut. O heare me ſpeake, for I ſhall neuer ſee thee more.
King. Come, come, you are too bitter.
Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iuſt ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age ſhall periſh,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my moſt heauie curſe,
Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearſt,
My prayers on the aduerſe partie fight,
And there the little ſoules of *Edwards* children
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſſe and victory,
Bloudie thou art, and bloudie will be thy end,
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay *Amen* to all.
King. Stay Madam, I muſt ſpeake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more ſonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters, *Richard*
They ſhall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,
King. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.
Qu. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her manners, ſtaine her beautie,
Slander my ſelfe, as falſe to *Edwards* bed,
Throw ouer her the vaile of infamie,
So ſhe may liue vnſcarde from bleeding ſlaughter.

I will confeſſe ſhe was not *Edwards* daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royall blood.
Qu. To ſaue her life, Ile ſay ſhe is not ſo.
King. Her life is onely ſafeſt in her birth.
Qu. And onely in that ſafety died her brothers.
King. Loe at their births good ſtars were oppoſite.
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.
King. All vnauoyded is the doome of deſtiny.
Qu. True, when avoyded grace makes deſtiny,
My babes were deſtinde to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.
Ki. Madam, ſo thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hoſtile armes,
As Intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours were by me wrong'd.
Qu. What good is couered with the face of heauen,
To be diſcouered that can doe me good.
King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.
Qu. Vp to ſome ſcaffold, there to looſe their heads.
King. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my ſorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what ſtate, what dignitie, what honor,
Canſt thou demiſe to any child of mine.
King. Euen all I haue, yea and my ſelfe and all,
Will I withall endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoule,
Thou drowne the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be briefe, leaſt that the proceſſe of thy kindneſſe
Laſt longer telling then thy kindneſſe doo.
Ki. Then know that from my ſoule I loue thy daughter.
Q. My daughters mother thinks it with her ſoule.
King. What doe you thinke?
Qu. That thou doſt loue my daughter from thy ſoule,
So from thy ſoule didſt thou loue her brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I doe thanke thee for it,
Ki. Be not ſo haſtie to confound my meaning.
I meane that with my ſoule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of *England*.

Qu. Say then, who doeſt thou meane ſhall be her King?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who ſhould elſe?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Madam?
Qu. How canſt thou woe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were beſt acquainted with her humor.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Madam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Yorke*, then happily ſhe will weepe,
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime *Margaret*
Did to thy father, a handkercheffe ſteept in *Rutlands* blood,
And bid her drie her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a ſtory of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'ſt away her vncle *Clarence*,
Her Vncke *Riuers*, yea, and for her ſake
Madeſt quicke conueiance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
King. Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou couldſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.
King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.
Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting warre.
King. Say that the King which may command intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.
King. Say ſhe ſhall be a high and mightie Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.
Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end.
Qu. But how long fairely ſhall that title laſt?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.
King. Say I her ſoueraigne am her ſubiect loue.
Qu. But ſhe your ſubiect loaths ſuch ſouereigntie.

King. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt being plainely told.
King. Then in plaine tearmes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine and not honeſt is too harſh a ſtile.
King. Madam, your reaſons are too ſhallow, & too quick.
Qu. O no, my reaſons are too deepe and dead.
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings breake.
King. Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophan'd, diſhonor'd, and the third vſurped.
King. I ſweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath,
The George prophan'd, hath loſt his holy honor:
The Garter blemiſht, pawn'd his Knightly vertue:
The Crowne vſurpt, diſgrac't his Kingly dignitie,
If ſomething thou wilt ſweare to be beleeude,
Sweare then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrong'd
King. Now, by the world.
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
King. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy ſelfe hath that diſhonor'd.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt.
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all:
If thou hadſt fear'd, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King my brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt fear'd to breake an oath by him,
The Imperiall mettall circling now thy brow,
Had grac't the tender temples of my child,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worme.
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrong'd in time orepaſt,
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
Hereafter time for time, by thee paſt wrong'd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtered,

Vngouernd youth, to wayle it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou hast butcherd,
Old withered plaints to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused, ere vsed, by time misused orepast.
King. As I entend to prosper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe my selfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated devotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine,
Without her followes to this land and me,
To thee, her selfe, and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolation, ruine and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:
Therefore good Mother (I must call you so)
Be the atturney of my loue to her,
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in great designes.
Qu. shall I be tempted of the Diuell thus?
King. I, if the Diuell tempt thee to doe good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe to be my selfe?
King. I, if your selfes remembrance wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou didst kill my Children.
Ki. But in your daughters wombe Ile burie them,
Where in that nest of spicerie there shall breed,
Selfes of themselues, to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I goe win my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Qu. I goe, write to me very shortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit Qu.*
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious Soueraigne, on the Westerne coast,

Rideth

Rideth a puissant Nauie: To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow-harted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnresolu'd to beate them backe:
Tis thought that *Richmond* is their *Admirall*:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide,
Of *Buckingham* to welcome them a shore.
King. Some light-foot friend, post to the D. of *Norfolke*.
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is he?
Cat. Heere my Lord.
Kin. Flie to the Duke: post thou to *Salisbury*,
When thou comest there: dull vnmindfull villanie
Why standst thou still, and goest not to the Duke?
Cat. First mightie soueraigne, let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliuer him.
King. O true, good *Catesbie*, bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me presently at *Salisburie*.
Rat. What is your highnesse pleasure I shal do at *Salisbury*?
King. Why what wouldst thou doe there before I go?
Rat. Your Highnes told me I should post before.
King. My mind is chang'd sir, my mind is chang'd:
How now, what newes with you? *Enter Darby.*
Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.
King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good nor bad:
Why doost thou runne so many mile about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more what newes?
Dar. *Richmond* is on the seas.
King. There let him sinke, and be the seas on him,
White liuered runnagate, what doth he there?
Dar. I know not mightie soueraigne but by guesse.
King. Well sir, as you guesse, as you guesse.
Dar. Sturd vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham* and *Ely*,
He makes for *England*, there to claime the crowne.
King. Is the Chaire empty? Is the sword vnswaid?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossest?
What heire of *Yorke* is there aliue but we?
And who is *Englands* King, but great *Yorkes* heire?

Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea?
Dar. Vnlesse for that my Liege, I cannot guesse.
King. Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.
King. Where is thy power then to beat him backe?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships.
Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
King. Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they should serue their soueraigne in the West.
Dar. They haue not been commanded mightie soueraign,
Please it your Maiestie to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maiestie shall please?
King. I, I, thou wouldst begone to ioyne with *Richmond*,
I will not trust you sir.
Dar. Most mightie soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be false.
King. Well, go muster men; but heare you, leaue behind
Your son *George Stanley*, looke your faith be firme:
Or else, his heads assurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Gratious soueraigne, now in *Deuonshire*,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in armes.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My liege, in *Kent* the *Guilfords* are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors.
Flocke to their aide, and still their power encreaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the armie of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

He striketh him.

King.

King. Out on ye Owles, nothing but songs of death.
Take that vntill you bring me better newes.
Mes. Your Grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of water,
The Duke of *Buckinghams* armie is dispersed and scattered,
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.
King. O I cry you mercie, I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him:
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckingham*?
Mes. Such proclamation hath been made my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord Marques *Dorset*,
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your Grace,
The Brittaine Nauie is dispersed, *Richmond* in *Dorsetshire*,
Sent out a boat to aske them on the shore,
If they were his assistants yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from *Buckingham*
Vpon his partie: he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for Brittaine.
King. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes,
If not to fight with forraigne enemies,
Yet to beat downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesbie.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of *Richmond*
Is with a mightie power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder newes, yet they must be told.
King. Away towards *Salisbury*, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir *Cristopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloudie Bore,
My son *George Stanley* is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuoult, off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, with-holds my present aide,

But

But tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?
Christ. At *Pembrooke*, or at *Hertford* west in *Wales*.
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
S. Christ. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrooke*, sir *Iames Blunt*,
Rice ap *Thomas*, with a valiant crew.
With many moe of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him,
Tell him, the Queene hath hartily consented
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my mind,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to Execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Riuers*, *Gray*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*.
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, fowle iniustice,
If that your moodie discontented soules,
Do through the cloudes behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day, fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies Doomesday:
This is the day, that in King *Edwards* time
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false faith of him I trusted most:
This, this All-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined respit of my wronges:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained praier on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To turne their points on their maisters bosome:
Now *Margarets* curse is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Prophetesse.
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment:
And heere receiue we from our Father *Stanley*,
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragement,
The wretched, bloodie, and vsurping Boare,
That spoil'd your sommer-field, and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough,
In your imboweld bosomes, this foule swine
Lies now euen in the center of this Isle,
Neere to the towne of *Leicester* as we learne:
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one daies march,
In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends,
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloudie triall of sharpe warre.
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloudie homicide.
2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
3 *Lor.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Enter K. Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.

King. Heere pitch our tents, euen here in *Bosworth* field,
Why how now *Catesby*, why lookest thou so sad?
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King. *Norfolke*, come hither:
Norfolke, we must haue knockes, ha, must we not?
Nor. We must both giue and take, my gracious Lord.
King. Vp with my tent there, heere will I lye to night,

But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath deſcried the number of the foe?
Nor. Six or ſeuen thouſand is their greateſt number.
King. Why, our battalion trebles that account,
Beſides, the Kings name is a tower of ſtrength,
Which they vpon the aduerſe partie want:
Vp with my tent there, valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs ſuruey the vantage of the field,
Call for ſome men of ſound direction,
Lets want no diſcipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden ſeat,
And by the bright tracke of his fierie Carre,
Giues ſignall of a goodly day to morrow:
Where is ſir *William Brandon*, he ſhall beare my ſtanderd,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my tent,
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goeſt,
Where is Lord *Stanly* quarterd, doeſt thou know?
Blunt. Vnles I haue miſtane his colours much,
Which well I am aſſur'd I haue not done.
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at leaſt,
South from the mightie power of the King.
Rich. If without perill it be poſſible,
Good captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me, this moſt needfull ſcrowle,
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.
Rich. Farewell good *Blunt*.
Giue me ſome Inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his ſeuerall charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength:
Come, let vs conſult vpon to morrows buſineſſe,
Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter K. Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesbie.

King. What is a clocke?

Cat.

Cat. It is ſix of the clocke, full ſupper time.
King. I will not ſup to night, giue me ſome Inke & paper,
What, is my Beauer eaſier then it was?
And all my armor laid into my tent.
Cat. It is my Liege, and all things are in readineſſe,
King. Good *Norfolke* hie thee to thy charge,
Vſe carefull watch, chuſe truſty Centinell.
Nor. I goe my Lord.
King. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle *Norfolke*.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
King. Catesbie.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Send out a Purſeuant at armes
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun-riſing, leaſt his ſonne *George* fall
Into the blind caue of eternall night,
Fill me a bowle of wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to morrow,
Looke that my ſtaues be ſound and not too heauy *Ratcliffe*.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Saweſt thou the melancholy L. *Northumberland*?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of *Surrey* and himſelfe,
Much like Cockſhut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the armie chearing vp the ſouldiers.
King So I am ſatisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of ſpirit,
Nor cheare of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe, is Inke and paper readie?
Rat. It is my Lord.
King. Bid my Guard watch, leaue me ee,
Ratcliffe about the midſt of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me I ſay. *Exit Ratcliffe.*

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victorie ſit on thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy perſon, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?
Dar. I by atturney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who praies continually for *Richmonds* good,

So much for that: the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkneſſe breakes within the Eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell earely in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbiterment
Of bloudie ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes:
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his Fathers ſight.
Farewell, the leiſure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundered friends ſhould dwell vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed well.

Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leaſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whoſe captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heauie fall,
The vſurping helmet of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy Miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me ſtill.

Enter the Ghoſt of prince Ed. Son to Henry the ſixt.

Ghoſt to K. Ric. Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow,
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth,
At *Tewkesbury*: diſpaire therfore and die.
To *Rich.* Be cheerefull *Richmond*, for the wronged ſoules

Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King *Henries* iſſue *Richmond* comforts thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.

Ghoſt to K. Ri. When I was mortall, my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me: diſpaire and die,
Harrie the ſixt bids thee diſpaire and die.
To Rich. Vertuous and holy be thou conqueror,
Harrie that propheſied thou ſhouldeſt be King,
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe, liue and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow,
I that was waſht to death with fulſome wine,
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, diſpaire and die.
To Rich. Thou off-ſpring of the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
The wronged heires of *Yorke* do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſts of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.

Riu. Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow,
Riuers that died at *Pomfret*, diſpaire and die.
Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, and let thy ſoule diſpaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guiltie feare
Let fall thy launce, diſpaire and die.
All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in *Ric*, boſome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghoſt of L. Haſtings.

Ghoſt. Bloody and guiltie, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy daies.
Thinke on Lord *Haſtings*, diſpaire and die:
To *Rich.* Quiet vntroubled ſoule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire *Englands* ſake.

Enter the Ghoſts of two yong Princes.

Ghoſt to *K.R.* Dreame on thy couſins ſmoothered in the Tower
Let vs be laid within thy boſome *Richard*,
And weigh the downe to ruine, ſhame and death,
Thy Nephewes ſoules bid thee diſpaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe *Richmond* ſleepe in peace, and wake in ioy,

Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, despaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happy victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting despaire, despairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* side,
And *Rithard* fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard starteth out of a dreame.

K. Ric. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie Iesu: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What doe I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I:
Is there a murtherer heere? No. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Lest I reuenge. What? my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherfore? for any good
That my selfe haue done vnto my selfe:

O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole doe not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall tale.
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periurie, in the highest degree,
Murder, sterne murder, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng all to the barre, crying all, guiltie, guiltie.
I shall despaire, there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherfore should they? since that I my selfe,
Find in my selfe, no pitty to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I murthered
Came all to my tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard.*

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I: the earely village cocke,
Hath twise done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armor.
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dream'd a fearefull dreame,
What thinkst thou, will our friends proue all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of shadowes.
King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadowes to night
Haue strooke more terror to the soue of *Richard*,
Then can the substance of ten thousand souldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by shallow *Richmond.*
Tis not yet neare day, come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the eweſe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond.*

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard heere.
Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their soules, whose bodies *Richard* murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie:
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his Souldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? truely gentlemen,
A bloudie tyrant, and a homicide,
One raisde in bloud, and one in bloud established:
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him:
A base foule stone, made precious by the foyle
Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falsly set,
One that hath euer beene Gods enemie:
Then if you fight against Gods enemie,
God will in iustice ward you as his souldiers:
If you sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countries foes,
Your countries fat, shall pay your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerors:
If you doe free your children from the sword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:

Then

Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Aduance your standards draw your willing swords
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corps on the earths cold face:
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof,
Sound drums and trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What said *Northumberland* as touching *Richmond*?
Rat. That he was neuer train'd vp in armes.
King. He said the truth, and what said *Surrey* then.
Rat. He smiled and said, the better for our purpose.
King. He was in the right, and so indeeed it is:
Tell the clocke there *The clocke striketh.*
Giue me a Kalender, who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the booke,
He should haue brau'd the East an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to some bodie *Rat.*
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sunne will not be seene to day,
The skie doth frowne and lowre vpon our armie,
I would these deawie teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day: why, what is that to me
More then to *Richmond*? for the selfe-same heauen
That frownes on me looke sadly vpon him.

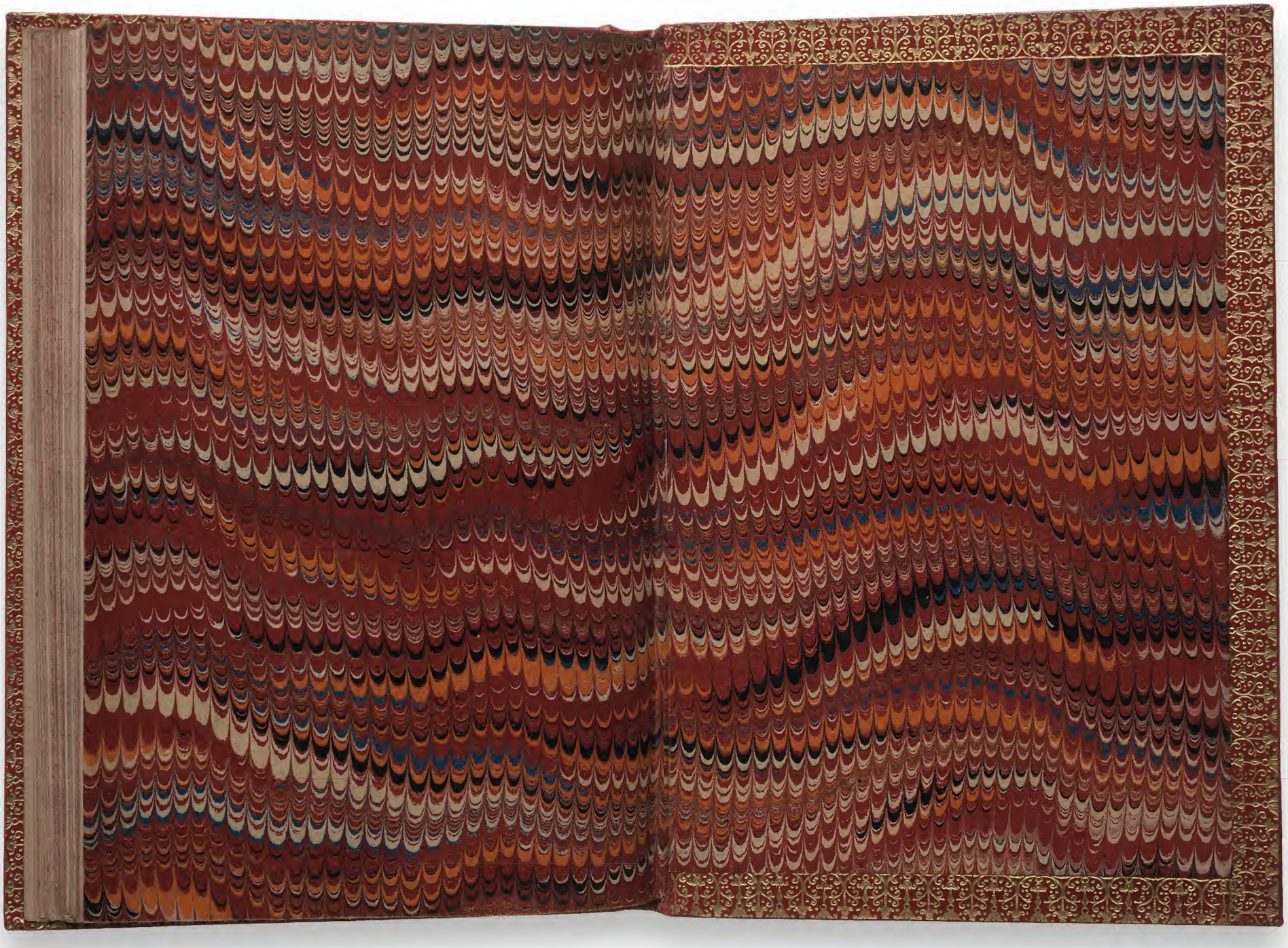
Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse,
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my souldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battell shall be ordered.
My fore-ward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot,
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
Iohn Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas* Earle of *Surrey*
Shall haue the leading of the foote and horse,
They thus directed, we will follow

In

In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse?
This, and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkest thou not.
Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth him a paper.*
This found I on my tent this morning.
Iockey of Norfolke, be not to bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuised by the enemie,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde as first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, swords our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His Oration to his armie.*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd,
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, Rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittaines, and base Iackey pesants,
Whom their orecloyed countrey vomits forth
To desperate aduentures and assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:
You hauing lands, and blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesope, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of *France*,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselues.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,

Right Gentlemen of *England* fight boldly yeomen,
Draw *A*rchers draw, your arrowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
*A*maze the welkin with your broken staues,
What saies Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?
Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his sonne *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord, the enemie is past the marsh,
*A*fter the battaile, let *George Stanley* die.
King. *A* thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
*A*duance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint *George*
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie Dragons,
Vpon them, victorie sits on our helpes.
Alarum, excursions, Enter Catesbie.
Cat. Rescew my Lord of *Norfolke*, rescew, rescew,
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death,
Rescew faire Lord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richard.*
King. *A* horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse.
Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horse.
King. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye,
I thinke there be sixe *Richmonds* in the field,
Fiue haue I slaine to day instead of him.
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse.
Alarum, Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine, then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bearing the Crowne, with other Lords.
Rich. God and your armes be praised victorious friends,
The day is ours the bloudie dog is dead.
Dar. Couragious *Richmond*, well hast thou acquit thee,
Loe heere this long vsurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloodie wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.
Rich. Great God of heauen say *A*men to all.

But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* liuing?
Dar. He is my Lord, and ſafe in *Leſter* Towne,
Whither if it pleaſe you, we may now withdraw vs.
Rich. What men of name are ſlaine on either ſide?
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Ferris, ſir Robert Brokenbury, and ſir William Brandon.
Rich. Enter their bodies, as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the ſouldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will returne vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the white roſe and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long hath frown'd vpon their enmitie,
What Traitor heares me, and ſayes not *Amen*?
England hath long beene mad, and ſcard her ſelfe,
The brother blindly ſhed the brothers blood,
The father raſhly ſlaughtered his owne ſon,
The ſonne compeld, beene butcher to the ſire,
All this diuided *Yorke* and *Lancaſter*,
Diuided in their dire diuiſion.
O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true ſucceeders of each royall houſe,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let thy heires (God if they will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth-fac't peace,
With ſmiling plentie, and faire proſperous daies.
Abate the edge of Traitors gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloudie daies againe,
And make poore *England* weepe in ſtreames of bloud,
Let them not liue to taſt this lands encreaſe,
That would with treaſon wound this faire lands peace.
Now ciuill wounds are ſtopt, peace liues againe,
That ſhe may long liue heare, God ſay *Amen*.

FINIS.